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THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

In one of the fern glens of the upper Alleghanies stands a small log house, which once held a large family—John Rily, the father; Susan Riley, the mother; and children John, Susan, James, Patrick, Sedgwick and little Bess. Bred to hard living, there was not one who would shrink to face a catamount, or a bear, or an Indian, or find fault with hard bread and cold quarters.

At the breaking out of the war, the father, John, James and Patrick enlisted—the last as a drummer boy. Sedgwick cried to go, but was told, to his great grief and indignation, that he was only twelve years old, and about three feet two. The wife and mother had as big a heart as anybody, and there can be no question but that her heart gave a sharp twang when "old John" and the boys left her; but she nevertheless, declared that she would have gone herself if they hadn't.—They might go, and God speed to them, for there was no help for it; and as for her, she had not a doubt whatever but that it was decreed from the foundation of the world that she should be left to carry on their business, which was farming and shoemaking, according to the season, all alone, just as she was. And she could do it, if worse came to worst—she was sure of that.

So half the Riley family went from the log house to the war, and half stayed at home. Susan took care of what little there was indoors, and the mother, according to her statement, "took care of all out doors," with Susan's help, whenever she was off duty, and with Sedgwick's always. Little Bess was unanimously voted good for nothing yet, but to keep bread and cheese from moulding. Mrs. Riley plowed the gleb with the old one-horse plow, with Sedgwick to ride. Mrs. Riley planted it with corn and potatoes, with Sedgwick to drop them for her; and when hoeing time came, she and Susan hoed it, while Sedgwick did the best he could at pulling weeds, and Bess ran actively and noiselessly about, picking up angle worms and treading on the hills.

The season wore round thus, and still the indefatigable industry of Mrs. Riley kept appearances very much as they were. The cowshed had several windows, perhaps not left by the carpenter, and the cow herself showed a hide of hair that pointed several ways; but appearances were, if the truth was known, not so much against Mrs. Riley's management after all. Said cow and cowshed had never been kept in a state of perfect repair. The hens and turkeys always took care of themselves, and of course they looked as well as ever. The old horse, habitually light in flesh, may have betrayed his ribs a trifle plainer, and possibly the pig was a shaving less fat; but let nothing be said about trifles where the only wonder is that the woman, left by her husband and three sons, should keep her family together at all, and much more, cultivate her farm. When conscription goes through our towns and cities, sweeping every able bodied man away, we shall then see how many women there are like her.

With all this out-door labor, Susan Riley did not so far forget "the shop," as to justify the taking down of the old shingle:

"Boots & Shus Med & mended Heer."

When customers came and left work before they knew that John was gone, she continued to do it, and did it so well that they kept on bringing, and the good woman had all she could do with her cobbling and farming together, you may be sure.

Meanwhile she was kept informed tolerably well of the movements of her husband and boys, for though all of them were but indifferent writers, she depended on Susan to decipher the letters when they came, for not a word could she read of good or bad writing—yet they made up in frequency and pith what they lacked in penmanship and rhetoric. Their regiment did duly most of the year in Western Virginia. The Riley's had enlisted in two regiments—the father and youngest son in one, and John and James in the other; and it fared with them about alike.

In October a letter came from John, bearing, in rustic but touching phrase, bad news mingled with good:

Camp Greene Ridg Sep twenty.

Deer Mother—A Grate battles bin fit & wev beat but mother that aint all the 49th got cut up wusent we did and fathers ded I donno nuther whall become o poor little pat for they say hes wundid to but I cant git leve to go seem & weer ordird to march to morrer at 4 oclok with 3 days rashuns & God help us coodn't ye cum mother wars a terrible thing anihow but father dyed in the thick o the fite jist as I may be God bless ye mother cum if ye can Jim well and sends love

yure sun John

There was enough of natural affection in that rough Riley family—deep, genuine, downright love. If one member possessed it more than any of the rest, it was the mother. Bluntly and coarsely as she always talked, and hard featured as she was to look upon, no poetess ever had a richer vein of human sentiment than Mrs. Riley, and Florence Nightingale herself could not handle a case of engraved distress more tenderly than she. The news of her husband's death came with a sudden stroke that almost felled her to the floor. But she bore it bravely till her work was done for that day, and let the younger eyes shed the tears.

"Why don't you cry, mother?" said little Bess, who was sobbing bitterly, with Susan and Sedgwick, over a grief she could not understand; but the pale, thin lips of the mother did not move.

In the middle of that night, long after sleep had stolen over the children's sorrow, Susan was awakened by a groan. She started up, and found her mother sitting in the bed, in the harvest moon that shone through the one window, white as a shrouded corpse.

"Light the candle, Susan," she heard her whisper, and then the terrified girl obeyed, and inquired hurriedly, if she should bring the camphor or heat some water. Mrs. Riley shook her head, and said faintly,

"Get the Testament and read."

Susan got the book, and asked where she should read.

"No matter, much. Open somewhere in the middle."

And kneeling by the bed, with the candle in her hand, the young daughter read, with trembling voice, and simple, unlearned emphasis: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a house for you."

A low, faint cry from the bosom of the suffering woman, and the girl's voice was drowned in the stormy, convulsive sobs that shook the next instant through the strong frame of Mrs. Riley, as if they would rend assunder.

The deep waters were loosed, and hoarded tears of half a lifetime now seemed to flow forth in one gush of irresistable sorrow. By and by, the paroxysm passed, and she rose from her bed, breathing long, deep breaths, as if a sweet sense of relief had come over her, and, lying down on her pillow, said softly:

"Good Lord, Thy will be done.—Put the book by, Susan, and go to bed."

And the still hours of that moonlight night rolled on to the day, and the unconscious children, unwakened, dreamed their happy dreams, and the oldest daughter—sad, astonished, but weary—went to sleep before the cock crowed; but of all within that poor log hut, after midnight passed, the mother's sleep was the sweetest.

Hardly had the tolling woman gathered her fall crops. Few hands made heavy work, and it was slow and weary business indeed to go over the two acres hill by hill till all was done. The bulk of the harvest, however, was gathered in (as good a yield as could be expected) when John's letter came; and the very next day, leaving as good directions as she could to Susan, and charging the younger children to mind her, with a promise not to be gone very long, Mrs. Riley was on her way to Green Ridge to find her wounded drummer boy.

The feelings of the wife that had so fiercely struggled, well nigh to breaking her heart, for her recent loss, were now subdued and tranquil, as conscious that the old relationship had passed away with the husband's ebbing blood—linger only in the silence of the grave; and all the mother awoke within her as she turned from the dead to the living.

She was some nearer to her destination when the cars left her at Shannon Dale terminus—a village with seven houses. How to get conveyance for the rest of the way was the next question. Not even a cart or oxen could she find. At length an ill-looking negro came along, to whom she at once applied for information.

"Can you tell me where I'll find a team?"

"Yes'm."

"Where, then?"

"Ise got one."

"Well, what is it?—a horse, a donkey, or a pair of steers? And what's the wagon? Tell me all about it?"

"Mule and cart, Missus."

"What'll ye ask to Green Ridge?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Stay at home with your old mule, ye wicked, swindlin' nigger—to take advantage of a poor lone woman?—Ask ten hundred, why didn't ye when ye ask about it? But ye may make yer money out o' somebody else. I'll go afoot."

And off she started, leaving the exorbitant African materially sobered of his grin, and starting after her with an expression of semi-fierceness, as if he half meditated doing something wickeder still.

Mrs. Riley saw no cause to repent of her resolution. She had but gone over eight or ten of the weary stretch of miles when an army teamster overtook her and gave her a seat among his powder kegs. The ride, however, was rather a change of exercise than a rest to her, for the road was frightfully bad. From the teamster she learned that the 49th Pennsylvania was not within twenty or thirty miles of the spot it was when her son dated his letter, but had moved to or near a place called Sullivan's Pass, taking their wounded with them. The communicative driver furthermore informed her that he was to stop eight miles short of this latter place. He declared, after he had heard Mrs. Riley's story, that if he were not in the employ of the Government he would see her clear to the Pass himself, free of charge.

The next journey of the widow was exhausting in the extreme—rocks, gullies, marshes, and above all, the inevitable and omnipresent tangle of laurel brushwood lay across her path, and obstructed her feet at every step. Supporting herself with the thought that her boy had passed over that way she persevered and struggled through—to find, alast on arriving, worn out with fatigue, as the place she sought, only ashes and the scattered debris of a departed army! The regiment had gone two days.

But the woman was not to be discouraged. Resting herself awhile, she set about for a team, and after some trouble she procured a man, at a large price, to take her in his cart to the regiment where her boy belonged. As they came within the lines they were hailed and fired upon by a picket, but escaped harm, and in due time the flags and tents of the 49th appeared around the spur of the mountain.

Stopped by a sentinel at the camp line, she inquired for Patrick Riley, the drummer boy, and was told that he was not there. That was all the soldier knew about it. Whether he was dead or alive he did not say. She was not to be put off, and a corporal of the guard was summoned, who passed her within the camp, and she hastened forthwith to make inquiries of the Colonel himself.

"Which way did you come?" asked the colonel.

"By the plummer road."

"You passed your boy within a mile. I left him, with all my wounded, at Verrico's station, to be taken off to Harrisburg as soon as they are able.—I think you'll find him there. He was badly hurt in the arm."

With all possible dispatch the widow drove back to Verrico's station. A company of soldiers was placed around a long, rough looking house, with a flag on it, and she knew it was the hospital. A guard stopped the horse long before they reached the building, but Mrs. Riley snatched the whip from the driver and lashed the beast up to the very door, in spite of opposition—when springing from the cart, she pushed by the sentinel as quick as thought, and without stopping to hear the epithets of "hag" and "she devil," that were shot after her as she passed in she stood, in another second, in the very midst of the wounded soldiers.

"Patrick Riley!" she shouted out, almost out of breath, and looking about her as if afraid her senses would deceive her.

There was no mistaking the quick downright tone of widow Riley. If the boy was there he would certainly answer.

"Oh, mother," gasped a weak boy's voice, and a tumbled heap in one corner stirred, and rushing towards it, the faithful woman saw her poor little drummer boy sitting up, but so changed that none but his mother would have known him.

"Poor Pat! you've had a sorry time, that's clear."

And here the wonderful energies of the mother, which had kept up so long as her child was to be searched for, gave way now that her child was found, and she sank down almost fainting upon the straw pallet before her.

"Look up, mother, and don't ye feel bad, I'm all right," said the plucky little fellow, "my arm's hurt so I shant drum no more, but now you come, I feel like I could lick off the rebels with one hand!"

Mrs. Riley soon recovered, and set about nursing her boy.

She came in the nick of time, for his arm had just been amputated, and he was somewhat feverish. Probably his mother's care was the only thing that saved him. In a week he was able to go home with her; and just as the November winds beganto blow, Pat took his old place by the crackling fire in the log house, among the Upper Alleghanies, and told his story of the war.

John and James are still in the army—as noble soldiers as ever carried muskets. Mrs. Riley shows them the same free, fearless, uncalculating love that she exhibited in the case of the slain husband and the wounded young drummer—a love that can sacrifice generously, but not till it has struggled dutifully. She passed through a hard experience, and it has made her a better woman, though her religion is of the blunt, positive kind; and she makes Susan tell the absent boys, when she writes, to trust in the God of their mother, and "never doubt but He'll see to 'em."

☞"A gentleman in our office," remarks Dr. Eddy, of the Northwestern Advocate, "the other day stated that he had a system by which he could remember things almost *ad infinitum*.—We like to hear him, for he talks heartily. By-and-by he started and walked along nearly to the stair-door, when suddenly he returned, and with sanguiniferous hue said, '*I forgot my hat.*'"

A SINGULAR DREAM.

A CURIOUS IDEA OF EMPLOYMENTS IN HELL.

Some——years ago there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which from the extreme profligacy of its members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly meetings they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each one tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B., who endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless disposition.

One morning after returning from the annual festival, Mr. Archibald B., having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse that he always rode, and he was proceeding towards his own house—then a country seat embowered with trees, and forming part of the city—when a stranger whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, saying, "You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man, with a volley of oaths, while he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by-and-by," returned the other in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth, who, plunging his spur into the horse, attempted to fly, but in vain. However fast the animal flew, the stranger was beside him till at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but instead of being dashed to the earth as he expected, he found himself still falling, falling—falling still, as if sinking in the bowels of the earth.

At length a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I?" "Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger; and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "to hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but instead of the cries, the groans, the lamentations which the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands.—Within, too, what a scene! No amusement, enjoyment, or pursuit of man on earth but there was being carried on with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. There the young and lovely still swarmed through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore its brutal rider through the excitement of the gonded rate.

There over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drawled out the wanton song of maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slave of mammon toiled through eternity his bitter task; whilst all the magnificents of earth paled before that which now met his view.

He soon perceived he was among old acquaintances, whom he knew to be dead, and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that formerly engrossed him, when, finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend Mrs. D., whom he saw sitting as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo—requested her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one.—But, with the cry of agony, she answered that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures: and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, "There is no rest in hell!" while throwing open their vests each disclosed in his bosom an ever burning flame.—These, they said, were the pleasures of hell; their choice on earth was now their inevitable doom. In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth; but as he quitted him, he said: "Remember a year and a day we meet again."

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effect of the dream, or from his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days, during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which, as may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again and resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table when the President, rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary, &c. The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell; but ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his comrades he sat out the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts, and in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home.—Some hours afterwards, the horse was found with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the road-side, about half way between the city and Mr. B's house, while a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

This is a true story and no fiction: the circumstances happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however were preserved and the narrative was reprinted.—*Mrs. Crowe's Nightside of Nature.*

A BRAVE MAN'S LAST WORDS.

The Utica *Herald* publishes the following letter from Spencer Kellogg Brown, who was executed as a spy by the rebels, and addressed to his parents in that city. It is the last letter the brave but unfortunate man wrote:

Castle Thunder, Virginia, September 23, 1863.

Dear Father:—By permission and through the courtesy of Captain Alexander, I am enabled to write you a few lines. You who before this have heard from me in regard to my situation here, can, I trust, bear it when I tell you that my days on earth are soon ended. Last Saturday I was court martialed, and this evening, a short time since, I received notice of my sentence by Captain Alexander, who has since shown me every kindness consistent with his duty.

Writing to my dear parents, I feel there can be no more comfort after such tidings than to tell you that I trust by the mercy of our Heavenly Father, to die the death of a Christian. For more than a year, since the commencement of my confinement, I have been trying to serve Him in my poor feeble way, and I do not fear to go to him.—I would have loved to see you all again; God saw best not—why would we mourn? Comfort your hearts, my dear parents, by thoughts of God's mercy upon your son, and bow with reverence beneath the hand of him who "doeth all things well." I have but little business to dispose of. Yourself or Uncle Cozzens at St. Louis, will please draw my pay from the Government and invest it in United States bonds at present, the interest of which will be paid semi annually to my wife. * * *. I sent a ring to my wife by a clergyman, Monday last; I also sent a telegram to yourself, which will arrive too late, as the time for my execution is set for day after to-morrow—Friday, September 25th. I will try to send a short letter to my wife, accompanying this. * * * Captain Alexander, commandant of the prison, deserves your respect and grateful remembrance for his kindness to your son in his last moments.

Dear Parents:—There are but few more moments left me. I will try to think often of you. God bless and comfort you; remember me kindly and respectfully to all my dear friends and relatives. Tell Kitty I hope to meet her again. Take care of Freddy for me; put him often in remembrance of me.

Dear mother, good bye. God comfort you, my mother, and bless you with the love of happy children.—Farewell my father! we meet again, by God's mercy.

SPENCER KELLOGG.

Very Eloquent.—The pale moon was on the move amid the eternal stars last night, and all nature was as silent as the oracular voice of fate. Everything in the heavens was ominous of peace, and the twinkling of each sparkling star decks the cerulean concave, seemed portentious of coming events. The moon and Venus were in conjunction, and as they walked side by side down the starry chambers of the West, we thought the heavens could scarce produce two more lovely creatures than Diana and Hesperus. It was a beautiful sight to see these two ornaments of the firmament treading the heavens, as it were, hand in hand, while far away in the East, seperated from the *toto cœlo* stood Jupiter, the ruler of the lesser stars, gazing fondly at the maiden—outshining him in splendor—who had so often caused the tears of the queenly Juno to flow. The heavens were decked in their most gorgeous array to celebrate this meeting of the fair ones—the belt of Orion and his flaming sword shone brighter, Sirius looked more benignant, and the Great Dipper appeared to invite us to drink. We accepted the invitation!

☞It is a beautiful saying of somebody that "gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the gentle breeze of kindness." Many hearts, however, might as well be strung with bed cord for any music of gratitude that ever comes from them.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Special Correspondence of Cincinnati Times.

Chattanooga, Oct. 29.

Eds. Times:—General Hooker, who, with a large force, has been marching toward this place from Bridgeport, had a sharp engagement with the enemy this morning about 1 o'clock. His advance, under the command of Col. Orland Smith, had been skirmishing with the enemy since they had left Shell Mound, driving them everywhere before them. Last night they encamped near Brown's Ferry, some five miles from here.

During the night it was discovered that the enemy had taken possession of a hill near Lookout Mountain and a spur of the Raccoon Ridge. This hill commanded the road and railroad, and thus virtually separating Hooker's two corps, while it gave the enemy a position at which to concentrate their forces so as to fall on either corps with the greatest advantages on their side.—General Hooker at once perceived the importance of the position, and ordered Colonel Smith's brigade forward to take the hill. They were commanded to fix bayonets, and in the bright moonlight the boys turned out right gallantly to the work. They remembered the glory they had gained on the Potomac, and determined to lose none of it in the hills of Tennessee. With steady tread the brigade, composed of the 73d Ohio and 33d Massachusetts in the advance, and the 136th New York and 55th Ohio as a support, marched up the hill to charge a foe of whose numbers they were in total ignorance.

When half way up the hill and across the railroad, the enemy opened a heavy fire, and our gallant boys fell on all sides. Still they sought on with the bravery of veterans, and after an hour of as hard fighting as has been known in this war, the enemy fell back, taking off some of their killed and wounded. Col. Smith's forces then entered their breastworks and took thirty-seven prisoners, as well as all their intrenching tools. To-day our men are busy at work with the picks and shovels left by the discomfitted enemy in their sudden retreat. In a ridge over the battlefield we noticed a squad burying the dead while at a short distance off the enemy's shells were bursting among the trees. They kept up a fire from their batteries on Lookout Mountain, but their missiles fell a few hundred yards short of our lines.

His many friends will regret to learn that Capt. Buchwalter of Circleville, was mortally wounded while leading a skirmishing party, and died to-day.—He was a good man, a gentleman and a true soldier.

His gallantry has been proved on the bloody fields of Chancellorsville and the late Bull Run fight, and his death, glorious though it was, will bring sorrow to many a heart. The brave Col. Underwood, of the 33d Massachusetts regiment, was also mortally wounded. A tear trickled down the cheek of one of his officers while telling us of the fate of his beloved colonel. This officer had passed through some of the hardest fights on the Potomac to meet his hard fate on the banks of the Tennessee, in a midnight fight. The conduct of his regiment was of the most praiseworthy character, and they wavered not, though the guns of the enemy were making terrible havoc in their ranks. In fact, all the regiments engaged seemed determined to prove that not Western troops alone will fight in the West, but that they who had met Longstreet in Virginia, could cope with him in Tennessee. We heard Hooker's boys to-day saying that old Longstreet was the same old fellow wherever met, and that they were ready to meet him under any sky or under any circumstances.

To-day Generals Grant, Thomas, Whittaker and others, visited the battlefield, and when the first mentioned learned the position of affairs and how our men behaved, a look of satisfaction could be plainly seen on his face.—Fighting Joe Hooker was ever looking to the interests of his men who in this, their first fight in Tennessee, sacrificed none of their prestine fame. He says he knows his men and what they can do. His march from Bridgeport here was skillfully managed, and, although we regret the loss of the brave spirits who fell at Brown's Ferry, yet we cannot but feel that this much has been accomplished with less than the usual loss of such enterprises. At the same time of the fight at Brown's Ferry the enemy had attacked a wagon train in General Geary's brigade. They killed several horses and mules, but were promptly repulsed.

Our position now is a strong one, and cannot be forced by Longstreet, and his Georgia militia or Virginia veterans. When the attack was made on the train, some of the mules got loose and stampeded toward the rebel lines. The enemy thought it was a cavalry charge, and one of their companies fled in confusion. This is another act to be put down to the credit of the army mules.

On our front there is nothing new to record. Settled stillness reigns along our lines, broken only by the thundering of our batteries down the river while exchanging their compliments from the belching cannon's mouth with Bragg on Lookout Mountain.

We will mention the most of those wounded last night are in no great danger of loss of life or limb. The rebels were certainly not armed with the most fatal guns, or they would have killed more than they did, for they had the best of chances as the force marched up the hill to charge them.

Regarding rations and forage, better times are daily expected. Below town, in the direction of the scene of the fight, last night, corn is tolerably abundant.

A REBEL OFFICER'S CONFESSION.

Captain W. H. Henderson, late of the rebel army, which he has left, after two years' service, from a conviction that the cause for which he fought was wrong, writes to the New Orleans Era:

The trans-Mississippi Department, commanded by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, is conquered to-day. 'Tis true, they may fall back into Texas, and make a show of resistance—for, indeed, it will only be a show—till they reach the mountainous regions in Western Texas, where they will keep up a bush-whacking warfare, till a want of the necessaries of life, will, in one year, compel them to sue for peace, and be willing to take it upon the terms of the United States Government, let them be what they may. A large majority of the Louisiana volunteers, commanded by Brig.-Gen. A. Mouton and Green and Spalt, will never cross Sabine river to go into Texas. I will stake my existence upon it, that two-thirds of Taylor's army deserts him before he gets into Texas.

There is a great disaffection among the citizens of the country, who, previous to the Emancipation Proclamation of the President of the United States, were good Secessionists, are now as good Union men as they were rebels.—They saw plainly that by complying with the Proclamation, the war could be brought to a speedy close, and the further effusion of blood evaded. But, ah! why did not the people of the rebel States comply? Gladly would seven-eighths of the non-slaveholding population have complied; but a proposition, or hint, of such a thing from any person, would have been the signal of death to him or her without ceremony. And then it would have frustrated the designs of Generals Lee, Joe Johnston, Bragg, Beauregard, Smith, Homes, Magruder, Bill Yancey, etc. They all expect to be President of the Confederate States; and before they would see the restoration of the Union—thereby blasting forever their political expectations for the future—they would see the soil of Texas crimson with the blood of her (partly deluded and trodden down) people.

I assert, positively, that it is not the fault of the citizens of the States in rebellion that the war is not ended and the Union reconstructed. Twelve months ago, if the legal voters of the rebel States could have gone to the polls and voted their sentiments perfectly untrammeled, they would have voted reconstruction by two-thirds majority. The U. S. Government should wage a war of extermination against them, and never lay down the sword till Jeff. Davis, with every other leader of this rebellion, may be seen dangling from the limbs of trees at the end of a rope. I have witnessed scenes in the Confederate army, perpetrated upon the helpless and the unoffending by Confederate soldiers, that would make inhumanity itself, blush. When Gen. Taylor retreated from the Teche last summer, (or the latter part of last spring, I believe,) there was scarcely a farm-house on the line of march but what bore ocular proof of the depredations of Sibley's men; and the only excuse they gave for robbing the citizens was that they did not want to leave it for the Yankees.

They even went so far as to shoot cattle down on the prairie, and leave them lying, to be eaten by buzzards.—I saw a Texas soldier shoot a soldier's wife's cow in her yard, and it the only one she had—and because she remonstrated, set her house on fire and burn her and her little ones out doors.

Who, I ask, is responsible for all this? Echo answers, Jeff. Davis & Co., and the ghosts of thousands of helpless women and children, and poor deluded soldiers, will loom up before him in the day of judgment, and point their long skeleton fingers toward his naked spirit, and enumerate the sufferings and insults which he caused them in this world—and the testimony will sink him deeper and deeper into his Satanic Majesty's den, till the creakings of the fastenings will die away in the distance.

The stronghold of the Western rebel forces in Galveston, is nothing to compare with those at Vicksburg and Port Hudson; and, indeed, they may be forced to evacuate Galveston without firing a gun. If Gen. Banks penetrates Texas from the east toward Houston as far as the Natches or Trinity river, Magruder will fall back to Houston. The supplies of the Colorado river cut off from the Confederate army, they are lost. A want of clothing, provisions and money, has completely demoralized the trans-Mississippi Department.

☞There is an Irishman employed as a bridge-hand down East, who brags of having a time-piece that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark one morning, after looking at his watch: "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minute and a half he will be late."